APOCALYPTIC HORSEPLAY

BY BOREDMAN

WELL THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG.

EY, HUSHER. SOMEONE COMING OUT!
BABEL IS STILL ON HER WAY. SO IF THA SPAWN IS MAKING A RUN FOR IT. IT'S UP TA US.
BETTER GET READY TA HEM...
DO WHATEVER THA HELL YOU DO.

MEIN GOTT. HERE THEY ARE...

WHATEVER THE HORSEMEN DID TA ME REALLY STUCK.

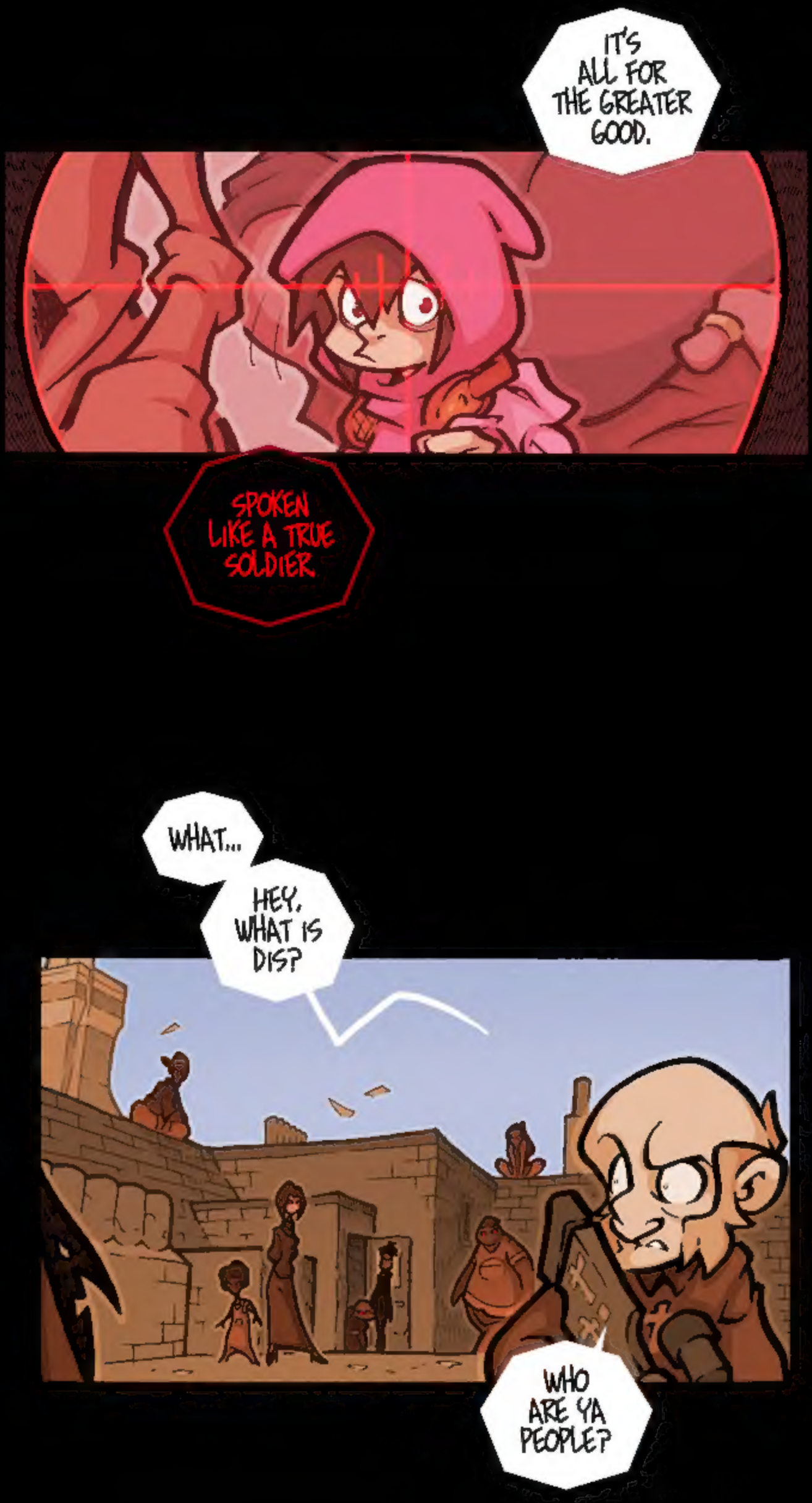
AH CAN STILL SEE THEM.

THERE YA GO. THEY HAVE A CHILD WITH THEM.

SHE MUST BE THE ONE.

BUT... WHAT IF SHE'S NOT, THOUGH?
WHAT IF...
WHAT IF WE'RE WRONG ABOUT THIS ?

NO, STOP IT. CAN'T LOOSE FAITH NOW.
THIS IS TOO IMPORTANT.
I HAVE TO TAKE THA SHOT.


IT'S ALL FOR THE GREATER GOOD.
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE SOLDIER.
WHAT...
HEY, WHAT IS DIS?
WHO ARE YA PEOPLE?

AT THE MOMENT ?

SOLDIERS.

CARETAKERS.

HERE TO LOOK AFTER OUR PRINCESS.

WAIT... YAR EYES !

YES. WINDOWS TO THE SOUL.

OR LACK THEREOF.

SCHEISSE! WE CAN'T HANDLE THAT MANY POSSESSIONS ALL AT ONCE!
HOW'S DIS EVEN POSSIBLE ?!

POOR GUY.

SHOULD WE TELL HIM?

HE DOES SEEM CONFUSED.

WELL SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS...

KRAAAKK